

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 472.—VOL. X.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

PRICE 1½d.

## ON THE ART OF LIVING.

To make our lives pass with tolerable ease—to set ourselves an object, or to have that object set before us by others, and to strain every nerve to accomplish it—to follow virtue that we may gain happiness—to strive after wisdom, riches, fame, and knowledge, that we may be respected, or admired, or envied—thus to fret our little hour upon the stage of existence is the lot of man; and the scene shifts so quickly that our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way. Do as we may, there is no getting through life without crosses—either our own, or the crosses that others unthinkingly lay upon us—or the crosses we shift on to our own shoulders to ease a comrade, for a while, in the hot and dusty strife, in which the survival is not always to the fittest, any more than the race is always to the swift or the battle to the strong.

Some there are who, knowing that fighting is their part in life, sing triumphantly as they play it; courageous, undaunted, pretty sure to rise from the ranks, unless their career is cut short by a random bullet. Others, maddened at the sights and sounds around them, hurry from the press, and, as there is no discharge in this battle, make a violent ending for themselves, crying 'Adsum' before the muster-roll is called. But necessity teaches patience as well as invention, and a scene which to an outsider seems productive only of misery, is found on a nearer view to be capable, if not of producing, at least of being co-existent with happiness. For instance, a room filled with the din of no fewer than fifteen steam-looms all at work, even though those are engaged in the fabrication of the most exquisite silken tapestries, of varied patterns and brilliant colours, hardly seems a place for happiness. The noise, the close atmosphere, the persistent toil hour after hour, week after week, year by year, that paled the visages of the workers or dimmed their eyes, left them a not inconsiderable amount of honest pride in the fact that no one could get work at this mill whose characters were not

excellent; so that they had a good solid foundation of self-respect to support them.

In another room—a room full of girls, mistily visible through a mote-filled atmosphere, working at the first stage of rope and cable making in an Imperial dockyard, we found, we must confess, more difficulty in reconciling the possibility of their mode of life being compatible with any degree of well-being. Although they laughed and joked roughly amongst themselves, and we were thankful they could laugh in such an atmosphere, it was piteous laughter, especially when our conductor told us, on our remarking on their youthfulness: 'Oh, no old folks could stand it, nor middle-aged even; nor these won't either, not for long.'

But why flesh and blood should be so cheap and ventilation so dear, is not what we are now considering. While we were examining the wonderful productions of those fifteen steam looms our thoughts wandered involuntarily to those who, by 'turning an easy wheel,' set those looms in motion. The users of silken damask and rich tapestry, are they in any likelihood happier than the makers? It is true that poor Peggy hawking roses about the street may get to hate the scent of roses; but we believe it to be no less true that these same gorgeously-coloured hangings and flowered tapestries and rose-strewn brocades *may* become as hateful to the users, from association of them with ideas of weariness and disgust at the ennui of life, as ever real roses were to poor Peggy. For the makers have this one great undeniable advantage over the users of articles of luxury: they lead too busy a life to become the victims of hypochondria. Of the self-devouring egotism that comes at last to regard a convulsion of Nature as a portent directed against his Imperial self, the son of toil knows little or nothing. It is reserved for a Czar to grow melancholy with the conviction that his end is approaching, because a river that had overflowed its banks the year he was born repeated the overflow seven-and-forty years later. Pity there was not some homely Hotspur at hand to tell the Imperial

egotist that the waters of the Neva would have risen precisely to the same height at the self-same hour if 'his mother's cat had kittened' merely. Yet the probability is that had any one attempted to reason thus with the hypochondriac, his common-sense would have been kicked out of doors as treason. When once a man's fancy gets astride his reason, the first proselyte he makes is—himself; and when that is done, the difficulty is over.

Yet bad as are some of the effects of egotism, 'self-love,' says the greatest of all English teachers—'self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglect.' Who that has ever watched the facile descent from one point of degradation to another of him who was once, possibly, a scholar and a gentleman, but who by self-neglect has reached the bottom of that fatal slope, can deny the truth of Shakespeare's assertion? Or who, recognising in the degraded, disreputable loafer of to-day—never too proud to hold out his hand to you for a tip 'for the sake of old times,' or to vilify you as soon as your back is turned—who, we say, recognising in this deboshed beggar the splendid, joyous lad of genius of twenty years ago, the pride of his school and college, the glory of his father's and mother's hearts, would not agree indeed that self-love is, after all, not so vile a sin as self-neglect, and that the root and foundation of the art of living is self-respect?

It has been said that there is somewhere in the harmony of human understandings a peculiar string, which in several individuals is in exactly the same tuning, so that, when this string is struck in their presence, the unanimity ensuing is perfectly wonderful. This may be so; indeed, the workings of enthusiasm, for instance, give us some cause to believe in the truth of the assertion. Yet it is scarcely necessary for an harmonic chord to be struck to bring about a certain amount of unanimity in human beings. It is so much easier to do as others do, think as they think—if possible—live as they live, dress as they dress, and—again, if possible—talk as they talk, than to take the trouble and pains to think or act or in anyway carve out the art of living for ourselves. Thus, many, as soon as a question or opinion is mooted in their presence, proceed, not to consider it on its merits or demerits, but refer it instantly in their own minds to the person in their circle of whom they stand most in awe—their own particular Mrs Grundy. And having settled what her opinion would be—that is, having settled their own opinion of what her opinion would be—they stick fast at the conclusion thus arrived at, with an immovable conviction that it is a counsel of perfection. Yet this going through life upon other folks' notions is something like a nation employing mercenaries to fight its battles, as if they had neither head nor hands of their own.

Far from such indolent complacency as this are those folks who, from a certain tincture of malice in their minds, are fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse. Opposition is the breath of their nostrils. In their presence, to say a thing is to have it gainsaid, not on

its merits, but purely from the innate contrariety of which their characters are composed. Why some are complacent and others contrary—some amiable and others the reverse, is only to be explained by the fact that it is their nature; just as it is in the nature of swans to sing, and pigs to yell, and foxes to be silent in the pangs of death. But, then, to human beings is given the privilege of modifying their natures. They may draw wisdom from books—if they be so minded; but then they must not treat them as some men do lords—learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance. Nor must it be forgotten that action itself gives insight; while we hesitate and doubt we lose the power to do more than doubt and hesitate. Action alone can bring us to the stand-point whence we may perceive how to act wisely. We do not say successfully; the success of an idea, a thought, an invention, depends greatly on its being opportune—suited to time, place, and people. It is not so much the strong hand, so to speak, that gives the great turn, as the lucky adoption of a proper season that will launch successfully a new invention and give popularity to a novel idea. The unlucky Frenchman in Louis XIV.'s reign who pestered the head of the Marine Department with the preposterous idea that vessels could be propelled by steam, was promptly placed in an asylum, and left there to meditate on his own inopportune inventiveness.

In the drama of life the two prime motives appear to be love or hate. Yet hatred has been said to be but love denied. In the society of one who is heartily disliked there is a certain excitation of the faculties akin to pleasure. The mind is keenly roused and interested; it notes every word and look of the object of its animosity, pondering repartees, and eagerly embracing every opportunity of measuring swords with its, perhaps, unconscious adversary. (For the Dr Fells owe no small portion of their unpopularity to the fact of their self-satisfied obtuseness.) A mind thus stimulated insensibly enjoys the stirring of its faculties; its sense of its own vitality is intensified, and, so curiously are we compounded, that not only will love denied turn to hatred, but dislike will sometimes change to love. This consideration perhaps induced the Frenchman to declare that it was best to begin married life with a little aversion.

To bring ourselves into harmony with our environments is the secret of the art of living. We may have to reckon with an ill fortune which mars our best points, or a good fortune that shapes our rough-hewn ends for us—but whether fortune smiles or frowns, our part is still the same—to work steadily on, happy in this, if in nothing else, that it is the privilege of labour to make labour light. We must beware, too, of petting our inclinations; for they are like children, of whom the favourite is apt to become spoiled by indulgence, or else early removed—the latter the far lighter punishment. We are saved, says the Greek proverb, by making the future present to us—in other words, the man whose imagination is strong and his judgment sound, is not likely to compound for present ease by laying a foundation for future pains. The true ultimate end of the art of living, as well as of all ethics, is to bring us

peace—rest to our souls and bodies; but it must be remembered that without exertion there can be no real rest, and that slothful ease or studied self-indulgence is not peace.

## THE BURDEN OF ISABEL.\*

### CHAPTER II.—UNCLE HARRY.

VERY early next morning Mr Suffield himself opened his Hall door and inhaled the fresh morning air with a loud and satisfied 'Ah!' He left the Hall door open—to have all things belonging to him open was characteristic of the excellent man—and sauntered away through the park, with his hands in his pockets, whistling softly to himself, and cocking now and then a half-observant eye on the trees and the rooks, that cocked wholly observant eyes on him and cawed, but sat still, as if they also knew all about his openness and hospitality. He sauntered on, and still on, steadily, as if he had a fixed end in view, though he rambled a good deal from a straight line. 'Now, where the dickens has he put himself up?' he said aloud. He looked all around, surveying bit by bit every hollow and every clump of trees in his purview. At length something caught his eye a tolerable way off. 'Ah,' said he cheerfully—regardless of grammar—'that must be him.' He quickened his pace, and made directly for the object he had descried. As he neared it, he could make it out to be a kind of small tent pitched under a great beech. 'Hah!' he exclaimed to himself. 'That's how he does it.' When he got quite near, he tramped round to examine the disposition of the erection, grunting good-naturedly as he remarked each point, 'Hum! Ha-ha!' He had noted that the ridge-pole of the tent was an almost bare arm of the beech which stuck out at right angles at about the height of a man; that the tent itself was a piece of sailcloth stretched over the bare bough, and pegged to the ground at the interval of a yard or so; and that one end was closed by a triangular flap of cloth, while the other was open, and had evidently had a small fire of dried twigs burning against it. He had noted these things, when he perceived that a corner of the flap was gently raised, showing a face and the shining barrel of a rifle.

'Holloa, Harry!' cried Suffield with a laugh. 'Hold hard! And save your powder!'

There then came from the tent a chuckle of laughter, followed by a little, wiry-looking man in a complete suit of flannels. A rather remarkable and authoritative little man he seemed, with the dense hair of head and beard close-clipped, and gray and stiff as a badger's, and clear gray eyes keen as a needle. He said not a word, but yawned and stretched his arms.

'Going to have a pot-shot at me, were you?' said Suffield.

'I think,' said the little man, 'I was dreaming I was in the jungles I've come from; and the tramping of your feet and your grunting—you were grunting, you know—made me think of an elephant, or some other wild creature.'

'That's all right, Harry. It's just the kind

o' thing you'd ha' said five-and-twenty years ago. —But what sort of sleep have you had?'

'Capital. The sleep, George, of the natural man, constant, light, and refreshing.'

'Well, Harry,' said Suffield, 'I'd a deal rather you than me. I'm unnatural man enough to prefer a bed, and a four-poster in a good big room, with no draughts about. Of course, this sort of thing, the green grass, the open air, "Hail, smiling morn!" and all that, I daresay, suits you—it may suit you in fine weather, at least—but I'd have thought you'd had so much of it in your time, lad, that you'd appreciate the comfort of a regular bed in a proper bedroom. Howsoever, there you are, and here I am, and of course you're free to do as you like. I only heard late last night that you had taken up your traps and camped out. I didn't get home till very late, and the wife was in bed; but she told me that you had found your bed too soft'—

'Abominably soft,' said the other: 'I wallowed in softness.'

'I daresay you did, lad: our beds are all the finest feather-beds, stuffed by the hands of my own blessed mother, and she didn't spare the feathers, I can tell you. Yes; the wife said you had found the bed soft and the room stuffy, even wi' th' windows wide open, and so you had just taken up your bed and walked.'

He paused in his talk to observe his brother-in-law, who had struck his tent, and was rolling it up.

'Ah,' said Suffield, 'you're pretty comfortable after all: a blanket, a carpet, and a pillow. But what about catching rheumatism, my lad?'

'Underneath my carpet, you see'—he showed him—'is a mackintosh sheet.'

'Ah,' said the interested Suffield, taking up and handling the pillow, 'a kind o' india-rubber bladder, eh? Good idea that, my lad: keeps your head cool.'

'Which, you will perhaps say, George, is not unnecessary.'

'Nay, nay, lad,' said George; 'that's understood: no need to say it.'

'I'm proud of this pillow, though,' said the other, with a laugh. 'It not only keeps my brain cool, but it keeps my mouth cool too. It's just a pillow now; but it can be a water-bottle on occasion, and many a time it has served me as that.'

'That's economical, lad, certainly,' said Suffield. 'And have you a double use for all your traps?'

'For most of them,' answered the other. 'This little Persian carpet, now, I use also as a saddle-cloth.'

'Ah,' said Suffield, 'but your little tent—what about it?'

'There, now,' said Harry, 'what other use do you think I put it to?'

'Can't guess,' said Suffield; 'unless you make your bearers or servants carry it over you like a canopy.'

'I make a sail of it,' said the other with a nod of pride. 'You know I carry with me on my journeys a boat in sections; well, there I have a sail ready to rig up when I can.'

'Pon my word, Harry,' said Suffield, 'you're just the same ingenious young rascal as used to fry bacon and boil potatoes and make toffee in the same saucepan at school!'

'And, 'pon my word, George,' exclaimed Harry, 'you're just the same fat, talkative old rascal as used to sit by and criticise my cooking, and then help to eat it!'

At that they both laughed, while the tent-dweller finished packing away his traps. 'I suppose,' said he, 'I can leave them here?'

'Oh, to be sure,' said Suffield. 'There's to be a treat in the park to-day for my hands and the childer; but that don't matter: they'll interfere wi' nought. Set them again' the tree, lad—except your blanket; perhaps we'd best carry that in, in case it should rain.'

They sauntered away back towards the house together, Suffield taking his old school-fellow's arm, and insisting on carrying his blanket.

'And how,' asked the old school-fellow, 'do you get on with your work-people in these days of strikes and of Jack in general being as good as his master?'

'I've no trouble,' answered Suffield. 'I treat my people well, and they treat me well. I reckon them more than mere machines to keep my works going, and they reckon me a good master.'

'Ah,' said the other, 'you want to rule with sugar-sticks.'

'I don't want to rule at all, my lad,' said Suffield; 'but if I must rule, I'd rather do it wi' sugar-sticks than wi' cat-o'-nine-tails.'

'Ah, it won't do, George.'

'Well, Harry,' said Suffield, 'we won't discuss it: our point o' view's different. You've been used to black fellows: I've been used to Englishmen.—By the way, I came across your black servant last night. There's a deal of human nature in him for a black man. He had caught a rabbit, which, he said, he meant to curry for you.'

'I daresay. He *can* curry.'

'I rather like him: an amusing creature.'

'Oh,' said Harry, 'he can curry favour too.'

'Harry, my lad,' said Suffield, 'that's an old trick of yours—punning. You stick to your old habits.'

'About the only things old that I do stick to—except old friends, George.'

'That's as it should be, Harry.—But come now. Tell me about yourself. Have you done pretty well out there?—what wi' ruby mines and white elephants and all that sort o' game?'

'Oh yes, pretty well,' answered the other, shooting a keen glance at Suffield's face. The glance could not fail to assure him that there was nothing in the inquiry but kindly interest, and he repeated less sharply than before; 'Yes; oh yes, pretty well.'

'And you're come home now to settle down—I can't say in your own house—but in your own tent, I hope?'

'Perhaps, perhaps. I can't say yet.'

'Ah, now, Harry, I want to talk to you,' continued Suffield, 'about Isabel Raynor, your niece—and my niece, of course, too—your poor brother John's daughter. You've seen her, of course?'

'Oh yes; I've seen her.'

'And a handsome, clever girl she is,' said Suffield.

'Is she?' said Uncle Harry, as if he were little interested in the matter.

'Is she?' echoed Suffield. 'Why, lad, don't

you know a handsome woman when you see her, and a clever woman when you talk to her?'

'I'm no judge of women, George. They're not in my line.'

'I see what you would be at, Harry,' said Suffield seriously, after a meditative pause. 'But I had no idea you could keep that feeling up so long. "Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath," my lad; but many and many a sun have you let go down. It's not right, Harry; it's wicked, lad, and you'll rue it yet. Howsoever, you'll come right in the end, I reckon. I believe your heart's in the right place; and you'll like the girl if you give yourself the chance.'

'I noticed,' said Uncle Harry, 'that your son seems to have given himself a good chance in that way: he appears to like his cousin rather more than mere cousinship demands.'

'Yes,' said Suffield simply; 'George thinks a deal of Isabel, and is, I believe, fond of her. A man's best fortune, or his worst, is his wife. I have no doubt which Isabel would be, and I'd like George to have her. But somehow they don't seem to hit it off: she doesn't cotton to him.'

'"Cotton," George, is a good word to use in the connection.'

'I know what you mean, Harry,' said Suffield. 'But this is not a time for joking. I tell you I think about Isabel a great deal. I don't like to know she's working hard at school-keeping, and living in lonely lodgings in London, when we've more than we know what to do with. It's not good for a woman any more than for a man to live alone. I've begged her till my mouth was dry wi' begging to come and stay with us; but, "no," she won't, thank me all the same. Now, if she'd only take on wi' George—'

'"Cotton,"' corrected Uncle Harry with a mischievous smile.

'—and set up house wi' him,' continued the excellent Suffield, as if he had not heard the interruption, 'I should be happy about her.'

'Well, George,' said Uncle Harry, 'she ought to do a good deal for you: you've done a great deal for her; though I am prepared to admit that gratitude for kindness is the last return a man should expect.'

'Gratitude, my lad! I get more of it than I can do with from folk. But gratitude I neither require nor need from Isabel. I've done no more for her than I've done for th' rabbits in th' clough yonder. I've given them the chance of fending for themselves without going in terror of their lives; and that's all I ever did for Isabel. If she'd take to George—and he's not a bad lad at all—I'd take it, not as gratitude, but as a favour, as a kind of condescension on her part; for she's handsome and clever, as I said before, and as good a girl as can be.'

'But,' asked Uncle Harry, 'would your wife, my admirable sister, be satisfied? Hasn't she a greater ambition for her son than that?'

'Oh, you've noticed that already, have you? Yes, Joanna is chuckfull of ambitions for all of us—for me, too, bless her!'

'Well, after all,' said the uncle, 'I don't myself approve of cousins marrying.'

'Not if they're both perfectly healthy? Howsoever, Harry, that just brings me to my point: since it don't seem likely that Isabel will take to



George, don't you think you might—well, do your duty by her?'

'And what, George,' asked the uncle quietly, 'a good man like you think my duty?'

'Well, it's hard to say; but forget what's past, my lad. Do something for the girl: ask her to keep house for you or summat?'

'I don't intend at present, George, to set up house, even if you turn me out.'

'Turn you out! You've turned yourself out, and taken the key of the park.'

'Well, then, my dear George,' said Uncle Harry, stopping and laying his hand on his brother-in-law's arm, 'we'll not discuss it any more at present. You're a good man, George; but give me a little time to find where I am.—Now, I'm going to have a dip in your stream. The water is pure enough, I suppose?'

'Pure enough to-day to drink if you like.'

'By the way,' said Uncle Harry, 'why are the mills not started yet? It's past six a long while.'

'Mills started! You forget it's Whitsuntide. We're idle for a week.'

They were now on the brink of the glen, which was separated from the park by a low oak paling, with a convenient stile at the point where they had arrived. While Uncle Harry descended into the glen for his morning dip, Mr Suffield sat on the stile and meditated. His meditation took the form of reminiscence of his own and Harry Raynor's youth—a memorial excursion on which the few words they had exchanged about Isabel had set him off. 'Poor old Harry!' he murmured, glancing after his brother-in-law. He gradually raised his eyes and let his mental vision travel over the glen and the clean and cosy village he had built; over the sombre hills beyond, which divided from the great county of Yorkshire, and across which now poured the morning sunlight, warm and golden; away still on over moor and dale, town and river, till the sea was reached. He recalled a certain holiday-time in his exuberant and energetic youth when he casually met on the glistening sands between the cliffs and the gentle summer sea his two old school-fellows, John and Harry Raynor, accompanied by their sister Joanna—tall and handsome, as Isabel now was—and by Joanna's school-friend, Mary Weatherly. How he remembered, as though it were yesterday, that his heart leaped when he set eyes on Joanna, and he exclaimed confidently to himself: 'That's the girl that I shall marry!' He walked on with Joanna, on and on over the shining sands, and let the brothers Raynor have Mary Weatherly between them. Mary's position that day was symptomatic and suggestive of what was to follow: she was divided between the two brothers; she liked both, but she had to choose one, and she first chose Harry. But even then John—as he was in honour bound to do—did not cease to think of her. He still plied her with his attentions and importunities, and being in some ways—in manners and speech, especially—more attractive than Harry, he weaned the girl's perplexed affections from his brother. The sad and dishonourable end came when Harry was away accomplishing with herculean energy a task that was to expedite the time of his marriage; that was the season chosen by John to overcome the last scruples of his brother's

affianced wife. He married her in haste and secrecy, and carried her off to London, where the pair had occasion to repent at leisure. Harry was wounded to the quick, and his life was diverted into a new channel. He went away to do business in India, whence his restlessness and recklessness had driven him to be a traveller of the old kind—explorer and merchant, that is, in one—in the little-known and dangerous States that lie between India and China. He had entered Tibet, when it was thought that death only would be the portion of any stranger who showed his face in that exclusive table-land; and he had almost penetrated the secret of the Lamas, and knew more about Esoteric Buddhism and its Mahatmas and Chelas than any other European. He had escaped from the hands and guards of a ruthless Khan of Chinese Tartary, and had crossed without mishap from Calcutta to Tonkin when Upper Burma and the Shan States were scarcely adventured upon. He had spent five-and-twenty years in that dangerous and unusual kind of life—years during which his brother John had disappeared from knowledge in the seething abyss of London—his wife having died, and his daughter being surrendered to the care of his sister, Mrs Suffield—years during which Suffield had become a wealthy manufacturer. Harry Raynor, too, had won wealth—wealth and fame—and now he had returned to his own people to end his days, if so be that his restless soul would permit him to be so much like other men.

So many things had happened to George Suffield since he had married Joanna Raynor—the years had been so filled with business and pleasure, with duties and cares, private and public—that he was amazed and perplexed to discover that Uncle Harry had not forgotten the loss of twenty-five years ago, that his wound was not yet healed, or that, if it were healed, it was only covered with a cicatrice, which throbbed painfully to the slightest touch. He did not consider that probably Uncle Harry's years of travel and adventure were but a long parenthesis of merely bodily and mental experience, and that now when he had returned to his native land he had resumed the feeling of his life where he had dropped it.

Uncle Harry soon returned, fresh and rosy, from his dip in the cold stream, and Suffield, inwardly ejaculating 'Poor old Harry!' took his arm, and was marched briskly towards the house. In the garden they saw the tall, dark, and stately Isabel walking lovingly with the small, fair, and clinging Euphemia.

'I can't think,' said Suffield, considering his daughter from afar, 'who my girl takes after: I'm big, and so's her mother.'

'Perhaps,' said Uncle Harry, 'she takes after her great-grandmother.'

Suffield looked at him and laughed, regarding the suggestion as a joke, and said, 'On which side?'

'I don't know,' said Uncle Harry seriously; for he had made a study of the small matters of heredity. 'But you often find curious instances of atavism, or harking back to remote ancestors.'

'You may hark back a long while,' said Suffield, 'before they'll speak.'

'You don't seem to understand, George,' said

Uncle Harry. 'I mean this kind of thing: I, for instance, am very like, I believe, in appearance and disposition to my great-grandfather, who was as great a rover by sea as I have been by land. As for you, George, I believe you are like nobody but yourself; you are unique; you are, in your own way, the kind of man, like Shakespeare or Milton, that's born once in a thousand years for the admiration and delight of the world.'

'That's a high kind of pedestal you'd like me to mount, Harry,' said Suffield; 'but I'm not such a fool. Seems to me you want some solid food in you to keep you from flights of fancy. I must hurry breakfast up when we get in.'

Tummas answered his summons at the Hall door, and a matron of imperial presence met him on his entrance. She had the front of Juno, an eye kindly but shrewd, and a nose and chin that denoted such firmness of character as might have been suspected to be obstinacy, had the suspicion not been subdued by the soft curves of the mouth. This was Mrs Suffield.

'Goodness gracious, George!' she exclaimed when she saw him, 'look at your feet! Why didn't you put on your goloshes?'

'Oh, ah; yes,' he said, looking down at his boots; 'they are a little damp, Joan. But I'll take no harm.'

'Damp!' exclaimed his wife. 'They're sopping wet! You must take them off at once!'

'Well, now,' said Suffield, laughing, 'look at Harry's boots. Hadn't he better take his off too?'

'Oh, Harry,' said Harry's sister, presenting her cheek to be kissed, 'may do as he likes. A man that would rather sleep on the damp cold ground than in a dry warm bed, must take the responsibility of his own feet and of his own health in general.'

'There's for you, Harry!' exclaimed Suffield with a laugh of something like enjoyment.

'That's how I'm always ordered and disposed of! You'd better come and change your things.'

'Don't be long,' said Mrs Suffield. 'We are going to have breakfast early: we have a busy day before us.'

#### SOME MORE OLD LONDON CITY NAMES.

In a former paper (January 22, 1887) we dealt with the exceedingly interesting historical and antiquarian associations which are linked with some of the well-known street and other names of London City, and we purpose in this to pursue the subject a little further; for London is changing so rapidly, and the old landmarks are disappearing so quietly, that are long very little but the name will remain of many a monument with which the present generation is familiar enough, but which it too often passes unheeding.

The main point of the previous paper was to prove by the evidence of mere names how important and magnificent an ecclesiastical centre old London was; we will begin this by showing by the same sort of evidence how eminently aristocratic a capital, as distinguished from a commercial capital, London has been until even a comparatively recent date. And by London, it should be understood we mean principally the

City proper, and from that circuit shall only stray occasionally. Strange as it may seem to the Londoner of to-day, the most aristocratic streets in old London were Upper Thames Street and Aldersgate Street, until the course of fashion, like the course of empire, took its way westward, and the 'quality' reared their palaces along the Strand of the Thames. Of the ancient houses of Upper Thames Street hardly a relic in the shape of a name remains; but Suffolk Lane commemorates the town residence of the Dukes of Suffolk; and to this day there may be seen, close to the lordly new pile of commercial chambers known as Suffolk House, a very perfectly preserved room of the old mansion, now used as a carpenter's shop, and some six feet below the level of the modern pavement, built of huge blocks of stone, and with a groined roof. In Aldersgate, however, one or two of the old houses actually remain, although, from a sentimental point of view, put to terribly base uses. These are Lauderdale House and Shaftesbury House.

Close to Aldersgate is the grimy, unattractive region called Little Britain, and it is hard to realise, as we wander hereabouts, accompanied by the shades of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Prince Rupert, Dr Johnson, and a score of others whose names are famous in the scientific, literary, and dramatic annals of England, that here was the Palace set apart for the reception of the Princes of Brittany, just as Scotland Yard received the kings of Scotland, and the Savoy the Princes of that country. Warwick Lane, with its mural effigy of the great King-maker, marks the Warwick Palace. In Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, was the episcopal residence of the Bishops of that diocese; as was Ely Place the stately domain of the Bishops of Ely. In Great Winchester Street stood the Palace of the Winchester prelates; and in a still more incongruous locality, cheek by jowl with Bishopsgate Street, stood the residence of the Devonshire family, still commemorated in the name 'Devonshire Square.'

Whilst in aristocratic company, we may make a journey beyond the boundaries of the City proper, and point to the nomenclature of the Strand tributaries on the river side as a proof of the almost unequalled conservatism of London in matters pertaining to its old inhabitants. Here we have the Norfolk, Essex, Somerset, and Northumberland Palaces commemorated; whilst to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, five streets were given, each bearing as name one of the words of his title—even the little 'of' being represented until within the last twenty years by an alley.

But there was another aristocracy in London City even more powerful and often quite as wealthy as that which was linked with well-known titles—the aristocracy of those merchant princes who not only made London the commercial capital of the world, but who loved their City well enough to reside in its midst, to beautify it, to build its churches and to endow its charities. For substantial memorials of these fine old fellows we have but to enter the City churches; but our business in this paper is with the conservice of their names. Basinghall Street commemorates a Basing who was Lord Mayor so long back as the reign of Henry III. Lawrence Pountney Lane, Gresham Street—

formerly Ladd Lane—Coleman Street, Crosby Square, Finch Lane, Throgmorton Street, Hatton Garden, and others remind us to-day of the great Londoners of old. Here and there we find their old houses immortalised by a retention of the old name, but only one famous house now remains comparatively perfect—that of the Crosbys in Bishopsgate Street, used as a dining-place, for Sir Paul Pindar's mansion, lower down, was levelled last year, its fine old façade being removed to the South Kensington Museum. In the same street, however, as in Aldgate, in Hatton Garden, in Great St Helens, and in Austin Friars, there may yet be seen fine old citizen dwellings not yet robbed of their panelling, their carved balustrades, and their painted ceilings, although now utilised as offices and shops. Dashwood House, Old Broad Street, remained until about twenty years back.

London was never, since the days of the Romans, an essentially military centre, yet in the name London Wall we are taken back to days, by no means remote, when the City gates were locked at a certain hour of the night, the draw-bridges raised, and the moat kept full of water. Strange to say, the only relics of London Wall now above ground are of the most ancient date—that is to say, of the second Roman city which sprang up over the ashes of the first little settlement, destroyed in that terrible campaign of Boadicea. We had the curiosity some time back to trace London Wall throughout its circuit. We were rewarded with seven glimpses of it. The first was the foundation of a bastion in St Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, since destroyed, after an infinite amount of labour, which sufficiently testified to its magnificent construction. The next fragment was in the churchyard of St Botolph's, Aldersgate Street (still extant under the gardener's shed). Then came the fine old bastion in the burial-ground of St Giles's, Cripplegate; then the good piece with traces of Edwardian battlements in the churchyard of St Alphage, London Wall; then two fragments in cellars of houses in the Minories; and finally, the magnificent bit, twenty feet high and as many in length, close to the Tower, behind the original Tower Station of the Inner Circle Railway.

The name of Barbican recalls the usual outlying post which commanded the first approach to the fortified city of old days. Aldermanbury Postern speaks for itself; whilst Shoreditch and Houndsditch commemorate the old City moat.

Of the two great castles which shared with the Tower the command of the City—Baynard's Castle and Mountfichet, the name of the former alone exists. We dealt with sufficient minuteness in the previous paper on the street nomenclature of London, but one or two yet remain which carry us back to the earliest days of the City.

Standing in the narrow track of London Watling Street, it is hard for us to realise that the waves of vast change which have swept over London should have left this street unchanged in name, and, we imagine, very little in pronunciation, since it was laid down by the Roman legionaries eighteen centuries ago. Still harder is it to associate it with the Watling Street along which we have tramped over the wild fells of Northumberland, across the Carter, as far as the good old Scottish town of 'Jeddart,' or with that

narrow straight bit of road which runs under the shadow of the Shropshire Wrekin past the ruins of the 'White City' of Uriconium, or, in another direction, with that wind-swept track of Barham Downs between Canterbury and Dover.

Stoney Street in Southwark is the continuation of Watling Street, meeting the ancient *trajectus* or ferry from Dowgate, and retaining its ancient name with the slight omission of the final *y* as far in the country as between Billingshurst and Chichester in Sussex. Yet one more digression from London City. With regard to another road—probably more ancient than either Watling or Stoney Streets—the authorities have not dealt kindly, as is their wont. York Road, which runs past the King's Cross Station, was known until late in the present century by the name it had borne during uncounted centuries—Maiden Lane. This was the original packhorse route between London and the North; and as Maiden Lanes, Maiden Ways, and Maiden Castles abound throughout England, it is probable that the word meant 'made' in contradistinction to a natural track or a mere earthen fortification.

Closely associated with London streets are London inns. Of course, the heyday of the London inns has long since passed; yet it is a remarkable fact that hardly a single one of the famous old inns of the City has so utterly disappeared as not to leave even its name behind. We make this assertion after very careful investigation, after much comparison between old and modern maps, and much consultation of old road-books and guide-books. In a very few cases the inns themselves exist. In a larger number there are still hotels or taverns on the exact sites of the old inns. In a larger number still, the yards, modernised of course, exist; and in the largest number of cases the names of the inns still cling to passages, alleys, and courts.

The only two inns which, whilst retaining their old features of two centuries back, show no signs of decay or faded prosperity are the 'Old Bell' in Holborn and the 'George' in Borough High Street. In these, galleries and courtyards are still perfect as of yore, and from the annual coatings of paint on them, are evidently the objects of affectionate and reverential regard.

Close to the 'George' in the Borough is a nest of old inns, all retaining more or less their ancient features, but all showing more or less signs of approaching dissolution. The old 'White Hart,' famous to the present generation as being the place where Mr Pickwick discovered that sharp-set jewel Mr Samuel Weller, was pulled down two years ago. The old 'Queen's Head,' still retaining almost unchanged its original features, is in the last stage of decay. Past the 'George' come the 'Half Moon,' the 'Catharine Wheel,' and the 'Nag's Head'—old-fashioned enough, but bereft of their picturesque features. Lastly, the 'Tabard,' saddest spectacle of all, for it is but a gin palace of the most approved modern type. All the others are still inns, meaning by the word that they have a regular *clientèle* of customers, principally connected with the hop-trade, who eat and sleep in them; whilst their courtyards are still busy and animated as of yore, although with a different class of traffic, the mailcoach being supplanted by the carrier's cart, and the postchaise by the railway van.

Examination of the alleys and passages which abound in the Borough hereabouts show by the evidence of nomenclature that in the old days of the road almost every other house in this neighbourhood must have been an inn, or was in some way associated with the traffic of this great road to the Kentish coast.

Of modern taverns built on the sites of old inns and bearing the old names, the City of London is full, and the work of destruction has been carried on chiefly during the past twenty years. There are many men who may still call themselves young who can remember the old 'Green Dragon,' the 'Four Swans,' the 'One Swan,' and the 'Catharine Wheel' in Bishopsgate Street, the original 'Saracen's Head' on Snow Hill, the 'Belle Sauvage' on Ludgate Hill, the 'Flower Pot' in Gracechurch Street, the 'Magpie and Stump,' Newgate, and the famous 'Bricklayers' Arms' in the Borough, an inn at which probably more famous guests have alighted than at any other inn in the country, as a framed and glazed list in the bar testifies. Most of these retain their old names, and are still houses of public entertainment, the exceptions being the 'Flower Pot,' the 'Belle Sauvage,' and the 'Magpie and Stump,' the last-named being known as the 'Viaduct Tavern.'

Of the old inn-yards still retaining their original names, but either entirely modernised and used as thoroughfares, or used as depôts by carriers, the name is legion. The once famous 'Swan with Two Necks' and the 'Castle Inn' in Laid Lane, the 'Bolt in Tun,' Fleet Street, the 'Castle and Falcon,' Aldersgate, the 'Green Man,' are instances of the latter. Lombard Street, Bishopsgate, and Moorgate are full of the former. Generally, they even retain their old configuration—the narrow passage under an archway leading to a large open space, just as we may see in the old Borough inns. Sometimes they are but passages and alleys connecting one street with another, as is generally the case in Moorgate Street.

Perhaps in the latter instances we may be wrong to infer that every fanciful name, such as Mermaid Court, Little Bell Alley, or Crosskeys Passage, denotes the existence in old days of an inn on the site, for the name might have been derived from a neighbouring shop-sign at an age when every shop had its sign.

We cannot refrain from lingering a while amongst the inn names of old London, because these institutions were so typical of phases of London life which have disappeared for ever. All sorts and conditions of men patronised them, from my lord the ambassador, who would sleep a night at the 'Bricklayers' Arms' in order that he might appear in suitable attire at court the next day, to the highwayman for whom the road had been made too hot, and who would find in a Bishopsgate or Borough inn a safe retreat from public notice. They were the cradles of our drama; they were the centres of local animation and bustle; and their landlords were, as a rule, notable men. A collection of the various relics of old days still kept at some of the oldest inns, such as punch-bowls, black-jacks, curious glasses, coins, tokens, and snuff-boxes, would be vastly interesting; and it is as surprising as it is gratifying to find how much intelligent interest is

taken by the landlords of the present day in the histories and associations of the houses they own.

From the inns to the taverns is but a step; but of the old London taverns and coffee-houses which played so important a part in the social life of the past, even the names have for the most part been swept away. The fire of 1748 in Cornhill destroyed half-a-dozen famous places of assembly, the names of which are very frequently met with in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and other periodicals of the 'Club' period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and amongst them the 'Rainbow,' 'Garraway's,' 'Jonathan's,' and the 'Jerusalem.' The successors of 'Garraway's' and the 'Jerusalem' existed until within quite recent years; indeed, there is still a 'Jerusalem,' although it is no longer a place of public entertainment. The 'Jamaica,' however, still remains very much in its present guise of a chophouse as it was when a coffee-house; and in Pope's Head Alley—a name which commemorates the site of a famous tavern which flourished here from the days of Henry VI. to the end of the last century—there is an ideal little old-world chophouse known as 'Baker's.'

Of the famous Fleet Street taverns, one alone retains its ancient appearance—the 'Old Cheshire Cheese' in Wine Office Court; and the change into this dim, dusky, old place from the roar and bustle of 'Brain Street' is like a backward march of a hundred years. The famous old 'Cock' has gone, although the gilded bird still struts over the door of its successor on the other side of the street; so has the 'Devil,' whilst a new and ornate 'Mitre' occupies the site of the old coffee-house which shared with the 'Cheshire Cheese' and the 'Devil' the patronage of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, and Burke. The sign of the 'Salutation' still appears in Newgate Street, but it hangs over a high-class modern restaurant. The old 'Chapter House Tavern' in St Paul's Churchyard was pulled down but a year or two ago; and we learn that the 'Johnson's Head Tavern,' hard by St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, is doomed.

So the old order of things giveth way to the new, and in the case of coffee-houses and taverns rarely leaves a memorial behind in the shape even of a name. Still, we are thankful that by the aid of modern London City names we are enabled to walk with so much exactitude in the steps of our forefathers, and that by their light we can read so many interesting and stirring pages in the history of old London.

## ISABEL DYSART.\*

### CHAPTER II.

ISABEL ran up-stairs to her own room in the dark, leaving him to make his way to the cheerful dining-room, where Mrs Dysart sat wondering why her child should be so long of coming, and feeling a great relief when the sound of the opening door and Jenny's voice with its cry of, 'Eh, but you're late, Miss Isabell; and the Mistress waiting for her tea!' announced her return—though it was accompanied by the bass voice of Willie Torrence with its usual

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laugh and banter. 'She might have thought I was not caring to see that man to-night,' Mrs Dysart said to herself with a little indignation, feeling that Isabel made a very bad return for her warning in thus flaunting her lover at the first opportunity in her mother's face. But Isabel flew up-stairs with her face all smarting and glowing in the dark, and shut her door, and flung herself into a chair, half sobbing with the thump of her heart against her breast. She was angry and frightened and indignant, and yet full of awe, feeling as if some mysterious bond had been drawn between herself and Torrence by that kiss, which made her countenance flame with shame and horrified alarm. She had not, oh, not by a very long way! made up her mind that she would accept Torrence if he offered himself to her. She had not arrived at any such resolution as yet; but she felt as if he had bound her, secured her against her will, made a link between them which it would be deeper shame still to break, now that he had kissed her, a thing which nothing short of a troth-plight could justify. She held her hand upon the place, to hide it, even though it was dark and nobody could see; then, as she recovered her breath a little, sprang up again and bathed and bathed it to take away the stain. Isabel's little chamber occupied the opposite corner of the house to the drawing-room, with two greenish windows in two deep recesses, looking towards the sea, which was not visible, but only showed a clearness in the distance through the openings of the trees. She had no light but the faint glimmer from the evening skies and one little star, which shone through a pane, and was reflected in an old-fashioned long mirror upon the opposite wall. Though it was not nearly a century ago, Isabel had no means of making a light, such as are so familiar to us that we cannot realise what people did before they were invented. There were no matches in those days. She threw off her pelisse in the dark, not seeing, though she felt, how her cheek burned between the shame and the cold water, and how impossible it would ever be to rub out the spot which had been made upon it; and then very reluctantly smoothed her hair and took a clean handkerchief, smelling of lavender, from her drawers, and went down, still in the dark, pressing the fresh cambric upon the burning spot. When she went into the dining-room, her eyes dazzled by the light of the candles, and her hair still a little ruffled—for it was apt to curl by nature, and the water she had flung about her face had got upon it and aggravated this tendency—and found her mother calmly seated there and talking to Willie Torrence, who looked up at her as she came in, with perfect composure, yet a twinkle in his eye, from the side of the fire—Isabel felt as if she were the guilty person, keeping behind backs to hide her secret and terrified to catch her mother's eye.

'You are very late, Isabel,' Mrs Dysart said. 'I was beginning to think of sending out Jenny with the lantern; for that's a very dreary bit of the road by old Wallyford House, and I know you don't like to pass it in the dark.'

'It was just there I met Miss Bell,' said Torrence; 'so she was all safe. None of your ghosts will come near a doctor, nor yet a tramp—and they're the only dangers here.'

'There's no telling what the dangers are,' said Mrs Dysart dryly.—'Will you just ring the bell, my dear, and tell Jenny to bring ben the tea? Dr Torrence will take some with us: she can bring another cup: and the scones have been ready this half-hour past.—Bless me, bairn,' she cried, as Isabel came within the centre of the light, which proceeded from two candles, set in heavy tall silver candlesticks in the middle of the table, with a snuffer-tray between them, 'what is the matter with your cheek? It's as red as fire, and a spot upon it as if it had been stung.'

'It was the midges,' said Isabel, not daring to lift up her eyes.

'The midges. It's too cold for midges now. It's more like the sting of some stupefied bee, booming against you in the dark. Let me see it. You must get some of my goulard water to bathe the inflammation away.'

'It's nothing,' said Isabel, turning her back. 'It's just the cold water that did it. It's nothing—it's nothing! Oh, mother, if you would just let me be!'

Here happily came the interruption of Jenny bringing in, upon a large tray, the pile of hot scones wrapped in a napkin, the urn full of water just on the boil, the silver teapot and tea-caddy. The table was already laid with a glistening, snow-white tablecloth, and many crystal dishes of jams and preserves, and the cups and the saucers arranged at the opposite end of the table. Isabel was very glad to be busy, lighting the lamp under the urn, and preparing to 'mask' the tea. It gave her a little pause to compose herself beyond her mother's scrutiny, and the wicked glances which Willie Torrence, she knew, was casting upon her from the side of the fire. Meanwhile, the conversation that had been interrupted at her entrance was resumed.

'It's an awesome thing,' said Mrs Dysart, 'to think of the poor relics of humanity being made a traffic of, even if it were nothing worse. They tell me the light at Inveresk churchyard is to be seen all through the night, and the men sitting with their guns. It's a terrible thing for you doctors to encourage; and you might have known what it would lead to. Oh, but I cannot think, though you w'll probably scoff at me, that the doctors are not much to blame.'

'And how do you expect we are to cure you of all your ailments, if we do not know the structure of your bodies,' said Torrence, 'and how every bone and muscle lies?'

'Indeed, I have no expectations of the sort,' said Mrs Dysart with a heightened colour. This lady blushed to think that any man should know how her bones and muscles were put together. It was very indelicate, she thought, especially before a young thing, sitting there at the end of the table, whom this man professed to be in love with—if a doctor, thinking like that, could ever be in love!

'Well, I know you're no believer in doctors. You think it's a finer thing to cobble the soul than the body,' he said with his loud laugh.

'And that's scarcely a pretty speech to make to a lady,' said Mrs Dysart, offended; but she felt that to quarrel with a man, whom, after all, her daughter might marry, was not judicious—and she was grand at putting up with people

when it was necessary—witness Jeanie's man! 'Is there no other way that you can make your studies but that horrible way?' she said.

And he laughed again. 'Unless there were windows in the living subject that you could see through,' he said. 'I allow that might be a better way.'

'And so,' said Mrs Dysart severely, 'you throw the doors open to murder—that you may find out the secrets of your awful, awful trade.'

'Come, come,' he said; 'after all, not to say yourself, for you're bigoted, but Miss Bell now, if she were ill—you would soon send man and horse, by day or night, to get old Bogle maybe out of his comfortable bed, to see what was wrong and put it right.'

'Old Bogle, as you call him—he's just a very respectable man of my own age—has more experience than your whole College of Physicians put together. But it's no out of the grave he gets it, nor yet from murdered men,' said Mrs Dysart solemnly. She was full of the prejudices of her time, carried to a height of fanaticism by the occurrences with which at that moment every echo rang.

'Well, he's not much of a man, I know,' said Torrence; 'but I've every reason to believe he went through his classes like the rest. Don't take away an honest man's character, Mrs Dysart: though he's old-fashioned, I'm well aware—and I, for one, would not trust Miss Bell's life, if there was a question of that, in his hands.'

At this the mother, suddenly seeing a vision of Isabel, her youngest, the only one remaining that was wholly hers, in the charge of an untrustworthy doctor—who was an old wife, as she knew in her secret heart—and perhaps swimming for her life with no better succour at hand, gasped and was silent, not knowing what other word to say.

At this, Isabel's voice suddenly rose from the other end of the table, where she sat shielded by the urn and teapot, the hot spot in her cheek gradually cooling down. 'Uncle John says that the doctors must have known these poor folk came by their death in no just way.'

'Eh, what's this?' cried Mrs Dysart. 'Uncle John!' she repeated with an intonation which was not quite respectful. She did not think her brother-in-law was a Solomon. 'It is just like him,' she said indignantly. 'I am no great lover of doctors, as you all know; but to think of a set of men, with an education and all the advantages, conniving at a crime! No, no; you'll not tell me that.'

'I'm glad you do us justice so far,' said the young doctor. But he was a little subdued in tone. 'It is just one of the things that the vulgar are sure to say.'

Isabel recovered her spirit in the face of opposition, a wholesome and natural effect. 'I don't know who you call the vulgar,' she cried, 'but I think it was quite reasonable what Uncle John said. All your learning is to make you see in a moment what has happened. When I tell Dr Bogle, whom you think so little of, that I have a headache, he says: "Yes, it's from so-and-so, and so-and-so." And if you that are so much cleverer cannot tell when a poor person has been murdered! oh, that's not possible,' Isabel said.

'Miss Bell,' said Torrence, 'was so frightened with me appearing out of the shadows, she thought it was Burke himself, and was for off, like an arrow flying from me, till I came up with her, and—showed her it was me.'

Oh, to taunt her with it! to triumph over her on the strength of it—such a hateful, hateful insult! But Isabel's courage was taken from her, and she retreated, choking with anger and shame, behind the urn once more.

'But it is very reasonable what she says,' said her mother, reflecting. 'It's more reasonable than most things that come from John Dysart's muckle mouth.—Oh! I'm not blaming you, Willie, that had nothing to do with it; but a man that is at the top of the tree, and knows the human frame as—I know my stocking that I'm knitting: Lord help us! that's far the worst I've heard yet. It just makes the blood run cold in your veins; they must have known! How could they help but know, Willie Torrence, I ask you? Oh, man, man, what a dreadful thought! Them that are bred up and nourished and trained upon pheeisic all their days! and get a grand character from it, and so much thought of—how could they help but know? When there's dreadful deeds done of that kind, a doctor's always called at the trial to tell what it's been; and will you tell me that they couldn't see it here?'

'Well, Mrs Dysart, if they were called to a trial and had their attention attracted to it, of course they would know.'

'Their attention attracted! to cold-blooded horrible murder!'

'How can I convince you,' said the young doctor, 'that unless your attention was called to it, that's not the thing you would remark? Science is a far grander affair than the way a man came by his death: that's just an accident: we must all die, and soon or syne it doesn't matter so much to the world. But knowledge is most excellent—the very song says that. And how can we tell what's to be done for our patients if we don't study and study every nerve and every line? It becomes just a passion with some men—the chief, for instance, who is one of the greatest surgeons that ever lived. There's nothing in the world so beautiful to him or so engrossing, or such a grand pursuit, as anatomy. And when you're watching him and hearing him speak, and seeing him trace out, let us say the—But no; I need not put names to the things to you, for you would not understand, and you would perhaps be horrified; but it's better than any play upon the stage, it's grander than any exhibition—you watch with your eyes louping in your head, and your ears tingling, and are just carried away!'

There was a little pause, for the young doctor spoke as an enthusiast, and enthusiasm has always the power of silencing the objections and impressing the minds of onlookers, especially if they are women. It was not till after an interval, recovering herself with a nod of her head in half-sympathy and admiration, that Mrs Dysart resumed.

'I am not saying but what that's true. There's a great power in a clever man's utterance, though it is a gruesome subject. And I'm not blaming you, that are maybe only a student,

Willie—though you are a passed doctor, are you not?

'Oh ay, I'm a passed doctor,' he replied with a half-laugh.

'Well: but a student still, always a student, I suppose, in these terrible ways? for they say more is found out every day. But Willie, allowing for the Professor that might, as you say, be carried away by his subject, or the students that might have their heads turned, after him—my man, there must be some cool-headed reasonable person, say a colleague or an assistant or something, that would have his eyes open and would know. Will you tell me that there would be no one that would have his attention attracted, that could take a wonder where all these poor creatures came from, and would *know*? Oh, don't tell me that, Willie Torrence! for it would give me a poor, poor opinion of the doctors to whom we have to trust our lives!'

'I thought you could not have a poorer opinion of them than you have already,' he said with a subdued laugh.

'Oh laddie! but that's a different thing, a different thing altogether! giving a jibe at them for professing to know more than ever was intended by their Maker, that's one thing—but to think of them as conniving at a dreadful, dreadful crime!—And there must be somebody—somebody that's not an enthusiast, that would have his brain clear, an assistant, or a dresser, or whatever you call it!'

'A dresser has only to do with patients—and is quite an inferior—and would not dare to have an opinion,' Torrence said with a flush of something like anger. 'The Professor's assistant would ill like to be put on that level.—But I must be going,' he added quickly, pushing back his chair as he rose. 'I've no right to be here at all, if I was not very weak-minded and subject to temptation. You'll excuse me if I run away. I have to catch the last coach into Edinburgh, or else walk, and it's a long trail six miles at this time of the night.'

'Dear me, you've but little time to catch the coach,' said Mrs Dysart.—'Isabel, go you and let him out at the front door. It saves a good bit of road.—Good-night, then, good-night—we'll finish our argument the next time you are here.'

Isabel went out very unwillingly, and yet not without a little tremor of anticipation, into the dark passage with her lover, between whom and herself she felt that such a bond existed as between her and no other man on earth, notwithstanding that every sentiment of her nature had been stirred up against him by his unwarrantable act. She was not surprised, though very angry, to feel his arm round her as she stood with her face to the door turning the stiff key and loosing the bolts. 'Bell,' he whispered in her ear behind her, 'I'm maybe going off to London, to London, do you hear? with a grand opening. Will you not give me your hand, and come with me, and be a lady all your life? I have a grand opening, better than I ever hoped: and I'll be Sir William, and you my lady, I give you my word for it, before all's done!'

'Mr Torrence,' said Isabel with great dignity, 'if you waste another moment, you'll lose the last coach.'

He laughed, as she opened the door quickly

into the clearness of the night, sheltering herself behind it, and compelling him to pass out: but then he lingered a moment and came back on the step. 'Think of it,' he said hurriedly; 'I'll come back for your answer.' Then leaning towards her: 'And give me another, my bonnie Bell, before I go away.'

It would be impossible to describe in words the fury, the passion, the desperation of displeasure with which Isabel dashed the door in his face. As she stood in the darkness, inside, trying to recover herself, she heard his laugh in the air as he hurried away. Another! as if she had been a consenting party! This insult was worse even than the first, and harder to bear.

## SCENTS.

THE sweet and tempered sunshine of a warm September day descends upon the Romney Marsh. It is afternoon, and the shadows are long, and fall tenderly upon the great level that rolls away to eastward. The land is mellow with the richness of autumn, and above its wide and peaceful loneliness, a vast vault of blue is streaked with soft clouds, that grow purple toward the horizon. And there, beneath the purple clouds, is the sea, very blue beneath the blue sky, and bluer for the foreground that lies between us; the brown sails of many fishing-boats are burnished upon it, and the white ones of others are as the wings of gulls caught in a sudden streak of sunlight.

I stand upon the little village terrace on the top of the hill, and drink in dreams from the dreamy stretch of pasture-land beneath me, whereon even the red cattle and the hundreds of white sheep browse and crop sleepily. Beside me is the ivied crown of an old stone gateway that still pretends to guard the forsaken town as it used to guard it hundreds of years ago; through its massive arch I can see another old town rise—a dark pyramid out of the pale plain—some three miles away. But that, too, seems to be asleep—asleep, as the grim old gray fortress on the marsh that was yet alive enough once, in the days when the sea lapped its sides, and it was the port citadel of the flourishing town upon the cliff. It is a fit land for dreams.

In the apple orchard on the slope yonder the voices of children sound merrily. Their brown faces and rough heads bob up and down behind the blackberry hedge; their baskets are full, for they have been out all the morning blackberrying in the lanes upon the crest of the downs, on the breezy levels where blackthorn and bramble grow along the dykes, or the rough roadside.

One little fellow, with hair golden as the golden harvest-land, and eyes like blue veronicas in his sunburnt little face, scrambles down through the hedge in such a hurry that his basket's contents lie in a moment spread upon the green bank. The fists go up into the blue eyes at once and the pretty face is contorted. I cannot bear to see a child in trouble, and I am fain to try and comfort this sore distress. A bright penny brings a wondering satisfaction back to the mournful blue eyes, and we are soon the best of friends, gathering up the fallen fruit into the tiny basket, and plucking more from the top-

most boughs of the hedge, which Tommy is very pleased to have brought down to his level.

Evening descends upon the marsh. Tommy has gone home to tea, leaving with me a small trophy of blackberries, in token of friendship, and a tiny sprig of sweet jasmine plucked from his mother's cottage porch.

I wander down upon the marshland, warmer and richer than ever with reflections of the sunset that sends many hues upon the wide panorama of cloudland from its lump of fire in the west. Beside the quiet stream, curtained with tall rushes, home of the lapwing and moorhen, I lie down beneath a gnarled old thorn-tree that the wind has bent towards the east, and gaze into the downy breast of gray cloud above me, just warmed with the distant sun-setting. The voices of the children follow me still; but they smite upon my ear as from a far distance, and the scent of the blackberries, hot from the sun in which they have been ripening all day, seems to me somehow as the scent of a pinewood in the warmth of a southern summer. The gray marsh lies spread around me, and the white sails stud a faint blue sea beyond the yellow line where pasture and shingle meet, and the pale silhouette of Dungeness Foreland melts into the sky afar. But it is none of these things that I see—the voices yonder are voices from a shadowy past, and I am a child once more myself.

Seated on the rich moss of a forest glade, I watch a clear mountain stream ripple past me over gray lichen-stones, and around boulders upon which the pink saponaria makes a carpet; blue gentian and frail soldanella grow in the moist mosses, and a sober canopy of dark pines spreads itself shelteringly over my head. I am a child, and a merry one; but I am a child-mother, a little mother to a large and motherless family of brothers and sisters—dear ones, all lost or scattered now—and whom I gladly see grouped once more about me as we play at twig-dolls in the Alpine woods. We have a huge family of them, ranging from two feet to two inches long, only two-pronged fir branches, stripped of their leaves; but they are father, mother, aunts, and cousins to us, and endowed with as marked characteristics as the families of our acquaintance. I laugh aloud, and as I laugh I hear the cattle-bells on the Alp above my head, and I remember that it is dinner-time, and jump up to lead my brood out across the bilberry and wild rhododendron to the hot sunlight of our cottage above the blue lake. For we are only up the mountains on a holiday, a needed holiday from the pleasant heat of our Italian home below. What good times we have had there, too, beside the blue Mediterranean, amid the chestnut woods that fringed the sides of the ravine, and beneath the stone pines on the crest above our white villa!

My hand strays to my bosom, where Tommy's spray of jasmine lies within my dress. Swiftly, in a wide and sudden flight, my spirit flies across seas, and I am on a broad English lawn, where a hammock swings beneath lofty elm-trees, a weeping willow dips into a pond full of water-lilies, a long broad walk is flanked with sun-flowers and holyhocks and the rich red roses of England. Somebody stands beside me, somebody puts a spray of jasmine into my hand, plucked from the creeper-clad veranda around the old

red brick house. I feel my cheek flush and my heart beat, and there are strange sounds in my head, and I sigh—a quick soft sigh. But that dream fades very quickly. Perhaps it was never anything but a dream—a short, sweet dream of a short, sweet English summer; the one English summer—and the one holiday—of my busy, happy youth. For somehow, ere the leaves turn russet and golden on the English beech and birchwoods, I am back again on the trellised terrace of our white Italian villa, where I am mother and sister in one; and the children are picking grapes in the vineyards and blackberries as big as mulberries in the hedgerows, and chest-nuts in the amber glades, and there are no sounds at all but those laughing voices that have always echoed through my life. I listen to them gladly, thankful that no dream, however sweet, lured me from them while they called. I listen to them without surprise, so natural does it seem that they should be there. But slowly—slowly they change, and become less dreamy, more and more vibrating; and I know at last that they are the voices of the village children floating down to me from the apple orchard upon the slope, and that I am alone upon the wide Sussex marshland. The thin line of Dungeness Foreland passes once more into my sight, and the sails upon the greens and purples of the English Channel; and my heart grows a little cold as I see that the twilight is falling, and that the marsh is sombre—as I realise what it *might* be in the long winter when the sunlight and the summer have fled.

A little cold, but only for a moment. For if the sunlight is less gay than it used to be on the vine-trellised terrace beside the Mediterranean, or across the blue of the Alpine lake, the beautiful silence of the brine-brushed marshland, that is serene in its strength as a strong life at its close, fits best for me now; and if the voices that made music in the noonday are hushed, their echoes rise up still, and call me blessed, and I am not alone.

'Good-night, good-night!' shout the children on the slope.

And the best of my dream has not fled, though I crush the jasmine spray in my hand as I rise from the ground, and though I have forgotten the blackberries among the rushes.

## THE SHAWMUT TRESTLE.

A WESTERN RAILROAD SKETCH.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

LLOYD FREEMAN, C.B., had just turned in for the night. Having turned in, he could not very well turn over; for his couch was not extensive in area, nor was it a bed of down by any means; briefly, it was a mere hammock swung from the rafters of a den about ten feet square. This den was one of three cramped apartments which comprised the entire 'barracks,' the other two being dining-room and office respectively. Upon the outer door of the barracks (for so had Lloyd Freeman, C.B., christened his headquarters) there was fastened, in striking contrast to its rude surroundings, a magnificent brass plate, upon



which, in artistic letters, had been hammered the legend :

'NORTHERN INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN RAILWAY.  
OFFICE OF  
THE SUPERINTENDENT OF CONSTRUCTION.'

In the lower left-hand corner of this brazen sign could be deciphered, in very much smaller lettering, the words 'John Smith, St Mary Axe, E.C.'—which showed conclusively that, like Lloyd Freeman, C.B., the brass plate was not a product of the Himalayas.

However, this story is not designed to treat of the Himalayas, nor of the N. I. & A. Railway, beyond intimating to the reader that Mr Freeman was at the period in question the designer, builder, and promoter of that stupendous piece of international engineering.

Lloyd Freeman, C.B., was at the head of his profession—or professions, for he combined civil engineering with splendid executive ability as a railroad manager—and was still on the youthful side of forty. Though an Englishman by birth, he was a citizen of the world at large; for had he not constructed railroads within the shadow of the pyramids, and through Canadian snow? When a lad, had he not carried a surveyor's rod and line through Russia? And, to float and build the Northern India and Afghanistan Railway, had he not resigned the chairmanship of the Melbourne and Western Australia Trunk Line?

His last undertaking he proposed making the greatest of all his works, both in its execution and its results. The latter even His Excellency the Viceroy could foresee, and glowing words of praise from Calcutta secured from Her Majesty's Government a 'C.B.' for Lloyd Freeman.

But the decoration was now a year old, and for the same space of time operations on the N. I. & A. Railway had been practically at a standstill.

The Ameer was not so friendly towards the enterprise as he had at first been; consequently the stockholders were slow to advance payments on their shares, and capitalists who were not already committed fought shy of Lloyd Freeman, C.B., and his 'colossal railroad folly,' as they now dubbed the Afghanistan project.

As a natural sequence the great engineer and manager was discouraged, and was in a quandary as to whether he should continue any longer with the company after the expiration of his two years' contract—an epoch which would arrive in less than a month. And yet Lloyd Freeman had many friends—men of influence and wealth—who believed him to be the greatest railroad man alive.

Freeman had just managed to forget his anxieties in a comfortable nap, when he was aroused by his servant, who re-lit the odorous oil-lamp and then handed his master a telegram. Usually telegrams received at night were laid aside till morning; but in this case the clerk, a trusted and well-paid young man, presumed upon his own judgment, and instructed the coolie to awaken his master at once. Freeman tore off the envelope, rubbed his eyes, and read as follows :

'NEW YORK,  
May 10th, 1890.

'LLOYD FREEMAN,  
Headquarters, N. I. & A. Railway,  
British India,  
Vid London and Aden.

'Our new road, the Chicago and North Pacific, will be completed and ready to operate in three months. We are looking for a general manager. It is a rough new country, and there will be plenty of hard work. Will you take hold? If so, name your own figure for a five years' contract, and say when you can come.

JAY VANDERGILD.'

Now Jay Vandergild was the richest man in America, and controlled more miles of railroad than any other one man in the entire world. This offer, therefore, meant a great opening for even so successful and well-known an expert as Lloyd Freeman, C.B. The Superintendent of Construction was perfectly aware that he would have to drop his 'C.B.' in the democratic Republic: but 'C.B.s,' or even 'K.C.B.s,' counted for nothing alongside professional recognition, almost unlimited power, and a princely salary.

No. If he could honourably extricate himself from the N. I. & A. Railway enterprise, the C.B. might remain behind until he should again find himself within Her Britannic Majesty's dominions. So he dashed off the following telegram :

'The EARL OF BOMBAY, K.S.I.,  
Chairman, N. I. & A. Railway,  
99 Old Broad Street, London.

'Two millions will be required at once to carry on one year's work. If not forthcoming, it will be useless for me to remain with the company.

LLOYD FREEMAN.'

In forty-eight hours a reply arrived :

'LLOYD FREEMAN, C.B.

'Money market tight. Suspend operations and report to the company in London. BOMBAY.'

Upon receipt of which Mr Freeman, with a light heart, penned the following :

'The EARL OF BOMBAY, K.S.I.,  
London.

'My contract with your company expires on the 31st. I shall not seek to renew it. Will report with books, papers, &c., by first steamer.

LLOYD FREEMAN.'

'JAY VANDERGILD,  
New York.

'I will accept the position, and see you in New York not later than August 1st. We can arrange terms, &c., then. Thanks for the offer.

LLOYD FREEMAN.'

It was early in September when a special train pulled out of that great Western metropolis, Chicago, over the tracks of the new railroad, which was nearly completed. This train consisted of an ordinary coach and the private car of Mr Jay Vandergild, the railroad king and the financial backer and practical owner of the Chicago and North Pacific Railroad, drawn by a monster locomotive.

Within the boudoir car were Mr Vandergild and his private secretary, Mr Lloyd Freeman (without the C.B.), and a confidential telegraph

operator, all of whom were embarking upon an inspection trip over the new railroad, preparatory to opening it up to the public under the management of Mr Lloyd Freeman. As the Chicago and North Pacific was a trifling matter of two thousand four hundred miles in length, the members of the inspection party had a good week's work before them.

Nothing of particular interest occurred on this trip, except that they were joined at St Paul by Mr Medway Parker, the chief engineer. Mr Parker was a good-natured clever little Yankee, who, in addition to the professional information he was able to impart to Chairman Vandergild and his new chief, enlivened the trip by his queer stories and dry humour.

Freeman took a liking to little Parker from the first, and the chief engineer felt that he need have no fears about the decapitation of his own official head.

On the return trip, Freeman and Parker left the train at Medicine Hat, a point which had been selected as the headquarters of the Chicago and North Pacific Railroad, for the simple reason that it was exactly midway between the terminus on the Pacific coast and Chicago.

Here Freeman was introduced by Mr Vandergild to all the subordinate officials of the road, after which the millionaire bade his new general manager a formal farewell, purposely within the hearing of all the aforesaid subordinates.

'Mr Freeman, I take pleasure in turning over to you this valuable property for your best efforts. You will have entire and absolute control; and as long as you fulfil your part of our contract you will have the unqualified support of the Board in New York. Good-bye, Mr Freeman. Good-day, gentlemen.'

The great man shook hands with Freeman, and made a sweeping wave of his hand in token of adieux to the others. Then he stepped aboard his palatial car and left Lloyd Freeman, General Manager, in supreme control.

Now, to a railroad official fresh from a trim London office, and used to the superb management and prime condition of an English railroad, the headquarters of the Chicago and North Pacific at Medicine Hat would undoubtedly have appeared crude and depressing in the extreme.

There was nought in sight but the car-shops, the locomotive sheds, and two or three rows of shanties (each one a precise duplicate of its neighbour) occupied by the railroad men. Yes, there was the depot (pronounced *dee-po*), a long, low, wooden, two-storey building, the upper part of which provided offices for the general manager and other officials.

But Lloyd Freeman, having just arrived from the Afghan frontier of India, where his immediate surroundings were much more discouraging, and where he was five times the present distance from that great bugaboo of practical railroad men, 'the Board,' was not disposed to criticise the physical appearance of the little railroad settlement on the prairies, strangely christened Medicine Hat. He had seen the property, reviewed the country which the railroad was to serve, knew just what resources he had to draw upon, and knew, best of all, that to develop the business of the road, ways and means would be provided as promptly as he should call for them.

Freeman speedily became acquainted with such subordinates as he wished to retain, and quickly appointed others to supersede those whom he felt he could not implicitly trust. And not only so. He resolved, at the outset at least, to interview and know personally every engine-driver, fireman, conductor, brakeman, switchman, bridge-tender, and section-man on the entire railway. It was a big job, but by degrees the general manager got through it.

On the 1st of October the Chicago and North Pacific was to be thrown open to the public, and the event was to be celebrated by a trip over the road, in a magnificent train, of the Governors of all the States and Territories through which the C. & N. P. passed.

On the last day of September Lloyd Freeman sat in his private office, not quite satisfied with the arrangements for the opening. Labour was not so plentiful in the far North-west, and there had just been some heavy rains, which rendered it necessary to carefully watch all rivers, creeks, and bridges. The road was laid out, for working purposes, into four divisions—two east and two west of Medicine Hat—each under a competent superintendent. It was the division immediately west of headquarters which it was most difficult to properly man, and it was this division, too, through which flowed most of the normally small streams which became dangerous after heavy rains.

'Telegraph to every station to put out a sign for bridge-tenders at good wages,' said Freeman to his telegraph operator.

This was early in the morning. Late in the afternoon a clerk in the outer office brought the general manager a card, upon which the clerk had written the name of a caller. This was customary when, as was frequently the case, the caller knew nothing of reading or writing.

Freeman read the name on the card two or three times, but the best he could make of it was: 'Young-man-proud-of-his-horses.'

'What's this, Saunders?' he asked of the clerk. 'A joke or some crazy man?'

'Indian, sir,' said Saunders, with a grin.

'Oh, well, show him in; but leave the door open, Saunders, for that sort of cattle smell rather strong as a rule.'

In a moment the entrance was darkened by a gigantic figure which found it necessary to stoop to pass the doorway, and there stood before the general manager a red man in the prime of life, at least six feet six inches tall, magnificent in feathers, paint, and a gaudy blanket.

With arms folded and head erect, the Indian was solemn as a judge as he slowly explained the object of his call.

'Young—man—want—job.'

'Oh,' said Freeman, keenly eyeing his visitor. 'That's the way the wind blows, is it? Well, "young man," what sort of a job would you like?'

Freeman was inclined to treat the incident as a joke, but the Indian never flinched nor changed his attitude as he replied, connecting his words with difficulty.

'Young man watch—watch bridge—watch creek—young man—he know flood—when flood come—young man watch—young man—want—job.'

But Freeman shook his head.

'Look here, "young man;" I don't want to hurt your feelings, but when there's any watching to be done I prefer white men. If I'm not greatly mistaken, you and your people require a good deal of watching yourselves. No, I can't employ you.'

The Indian did not argue or whimper; he simply stalked out of the room as majestically as he had entered.

Down on the platform, however, he met Medway Parker, the chief engineer, who had on more than one occasion been able to make good use of Young-man-proud-of-his-horses. Parker had lived on the frontier among the Indians half his life, and knew the red man pretty well. He prided himself on the fact that he could distinguish a good honest Indian from deceitful trash. Parker knew better, too, than to waste his breath upon high-flown Indian names.

'Hello, Slops!' he said cheerily. 'You look down in the mouth. What's wrong?'

'Oh, well,' said Parker, after listening to the Indian's story, 'Mr Freeman don't understand. You come with me.' And the engineer trotted up to the general manager's office with 'Young-man' at his heels.

'Mr Freeman,' Medway Parker said, 'you have grievously disappointed a friend of mine.'

'Not intentionally, Parker,' replied the chief official, not noticing the Indian, who remained in the outer office.

'No, I judge not,' answered Parker, with a smile. 'You probably wouldn't think of me in connection with my old friend Slops!'

'Slops? Slops? I do not forget names, but'

'There again, sir, you would not connect the name of "Slops" with so patrician an Indian cognomen as "Young-man-proud-of-his-horses."'

'Oh!' exclaimed Freeman, as some light dawned upon him.

'Yes, sir; the fact is I have come up to put in a good word for Young-man, &c., whom we ordinarily call Slops. He's a pretty good fellow, Mr Freeman; trustworthy I have found him. I think you might trust him with a bridge.'

'And the fact is, Parker, that I have no use for Indians, Hindus, Afghans, Chinese, Maori, or any kindred trash when there's any trusty work to be done.'

'But, my dear sir'—

'No; listen, Parker. I have no wish to appear doubtful of your judgment, nor (as I told "Young-man-and-his-horses") do I want to hurt the feelings of the black man or the red man any more than those of the white man. But I have had sad experience. I put a Maori in a signal box in Australia, and he got two trains trying to pass each other on the same line of rails, with, I need hardly say, disastrous results. To humour a big Afghan landowner, I employed an Afghan as a pointsman, and the scoundrel got drunk and ditched a construction train. You must excuse me, Parker.'

'Pardon my persistence, sir,' said the engineer; 'but I happen to know that poor old Slops is trying hard to keep out of mischief and gain an honest livelihood. That's a good deal to say of an Indian. If'—

'No, Parker, no. Not now of all times. Later

on, something simpler may be found for your Indian friend—why, there he is in the next room. See here, Young-man!'

The Indian entered with the same firm step and erect head, the same stolid expression on his painted face.

'Mr Parker, here, has been recommending you. I cannot consistently employ you as a bridge-tender, but I'll not forget you if something opens that you can fill satisfactorily. In the meantime, Young-man, accept this as a proof that I am acting from no ill-will.'

Lloyd Freeman, who was good-hearted and generous clear to the core, tendered the Indian a five-dollar gold piece.

But Young-man-proud-of-his-horses shook his head and muttered, 'Young-man—earn wages—want job.' Then, as majestically as ever, he glided from the office.

This little episode soon got bruited among the railroad employees, who commended the general manager for his good sense in refusing to employ 'niggers and Injins when there's lots of honest, deserving white men.' But later on, when Lloyd Freeman turned his attention to these white employees with a view to securing better discipline, these same deprecators of 'niggers and Injins' forgot to speak so well of the chief official of the Chicago and North Pacific.

But Medway Parker, who hated to see a good Indian sent adrift, because he knew the last state of a red-skin who has once done civilised work and gets back to his old life is worse than the first, concocted a job on his own account for Slops. Parker gave him fifty dollars and told him to look up and buy for him a pair of Indian ponies, which Slops was to break in for driving in double harness for Parker's little nieces in the East. And, as carte-blanche in the matter of selecting and purchasing horses is the greatest compliment that one could well pay an Indian, Medway Parker won for himself the lifelong gratitude of Young-man-proud-of-his-horses.

#### KAFTA, AN ARABIAN BEVERAGE.

THERE are probably but few people who have ever heard of Kafta, and yet it is to a temporary scarcity of the plant producing this beverage that we owe the introduction of coffee. Kafta is much in repute amongst Arabians, especially in the vicinity of Yemen. It is obtained by boiling the leaves and stems of the plant known as *kât*. The botanical name of *kât* is *Catha edulis*. The first to describe it scientifically was the Swedish botanist Forskal, who, after travelling extensively in Arabia and Lower Egypt, died in the former country in July 1768. In honour of the discoverer, some of the early botanical authors have referred to the plant as *Catha forskauii*. It is a glabrous tree or shrub, belonging to the Spindle-tree family Celastraceæ, growing about ten feet in height, and having rusty-coloured leaves not unlike those of the strawberry tree. Although it is distributed in the interior of Eastern Africa from Abyssinia to Port Natal, it only seems to be cultivated in a systematic manner by the Arabians. These latter plant it in the same ground as their coffee.

According to a recent writer, the cultivation

seems to require some care. Propagation is effected by cuttings, which, once planted, are left for three years, care being taken to keep them manured and watered and the ground free from weeds. At the end of three years all the leaves are taken off; and during the next year the plant puts forth a young growth, which is collected and sold in bundles under the name of Kât Moubarreh. This is considered an inferior quality. The following year the branches put forth new leaves, and these are cut and sold under the name of Kât Methani. This production is more esteemed. The tree is then allowed to rest for three years, when cutting is again recommenced. Another writer tells us that Sabbare Kât, which is put up in bundles six inches wide, is considered superior to Muktaree Kât, which is put up in bundles about half the size. It would therefore seem that Moubarreh is synonymous with Muktaree, and Methani with Sabbare, so far as kât is concerned.

Kât seems to occupy a position in the social economy of the Arabians similar to that held by the kola nut among the West Africans, and Kava-kava among the Fijians. Every visitor upon entering good houses is presented with twigs of kât, and the floors of the rooms must to European eyes present a somewhat disgusting appearance, for, after chewing the leaves, the visitor throws upon the floor not only the stalks, but also those parts of the leaves which he has not swallowed. Botta, who travelled in Arabia in 1837, tells us that he was presented by one of the sheiks of the country with a bundle of branches of kât, according to the rules of politeness of the people. He ascertained that the leaves when chewed had an agreeable exciting action, which imparted the desire to spend the night rather in quiet conversation than sleeping. He expressly states that he thought the kind of excitation and the lovely dreams provoked by the use of kât extremely pleasant. He gives an account of its virtues, which much resemble those of coca leaves; in fact, messengers in Arabia who have any hard journeys to undertake use kât much in the same way as the natives of the Cordilleras do the coca plant. So invigorating is kât, that it is said the Arab soldiers who chew the twigs are able to stand sentry all night long without feeling in the least drowsy.

When fresh, the green bundles are said to smell very agreeably; and the leaves are by some considered strongly inebriating; but the intoxication does not last for a long time. This latter statement, however, has not been allowed to go unchallenged. No true Mohammedan will partake of intoxicating liquors, the use of them being forbidden by the Koran. A synod of learned Mussulmans was therefore convened; and as a result of their investigation, decided that as kâta did not impair the health or impede the observance of religious duties, but only increased hilarity and good-humour, it was lawful to use it.

By some it is said to have been employed from time immemorial; but other writers contend that its use is not of very ancient date. It was undoubtedly used long before the Arabians indulged in coffee. The latter, a sixteenth-century writer tells us, was resorted to in Aden when, in the time of Dhabhâni, in the fifteenth century, kât had become a rare article. Curiously enough,

caffeine, the active principle of tea and coffee, and to which these beverages owe so large a portion of their exhilarating influence, is totally absent in the leaves of kât. They have been more than once analysed by eminent chemists; but none of them have been able to trace a vestige of this important alkaloid.

A regular commerce is carried on with the product, fresh branches being brought every morning from the mountains to the contiguous towns. The increasing business in it, especially in Aden, is phenomenal. Assistant-surgeon Vaughan, Port Surgeon at Aden in 1859, speaking of the great predilection that the Arabs have for kât, mentions that the quantity used in Aden alone averaged about two hundred and eighty camel-loads annually; and that the exclusive privilege of selling it, which is farmed by the Government, produced a revenue of fifteen hundred rupees per year; whilst in 1877, Captain Hunter stated that in the previous year twelve hundred camel-loads of kât found their way to Aden; and that eight thousand rupees were paid for the privilege of collecting duty on the commodity.

The leaves, beyond being chewed and boiled in water, are sometimes boiled in milk; and as the infusion is bitter, honey is added to it to render it more palatable.

For the purposes of commerce, the twigs are made up into closely-pressed bundles of different sizes, according to quality, the best kind being in bundles a foot or fifteen inches long, each bundle consisting of forty slender twigs tied together with strips of fibrous bark. The value of a bundle in Aden is said to be about threepence, whilst at Yemen the price is said to vary from sixpence to eightpence.

#### TURNING THE FLOWERS.

OUT in the country, where two roads met,

A cottage with open door I found;

The board for the evening meal was set,

The good wife bustled busily round.

It was homely and plain—but oh, so sweet,

With rose and lavender freshly culled,

And there, in a cradle, just at my feet,

A beautiful babe to sleep lay lulled.

I sat me down, with a bidden right,

And a sense of comfort over me stole;

The board, though homely, was clean and white,

And flowers were upon it—set in a bowl.

And the good wife said unto me, her guest,

As she twisted the blooms in the bowl so brown:

'I like to turn what are freshest and best

To the side where the man of the house sits down.'

I looked at the flowers—so white, so red;

I gazed at the happy-faced busy wife,

And, 'That is a nice idea,' I said;

'I wish we could carry it all through life.

For the world would be a far happier place,

And many a glint through the darkness loom,

If we "turned the flowers" with a tactful grace,

And showed the glory instead of the gloom.'

NANNIE POWER—O'DONOGHUE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.